

THE SILENT WORLD

Vol. IV.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 1, 1874.

No. 9.

SOMEWHERE.

How can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe, thou art to-day.
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken, thou hast a place!

Somewhere thou livest, and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still, there may be valleys dim
That thou must pace to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray.
O true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe, thou art to-day!

—Julia C. R. Dorr in *Scribner's*.

AMOS KENDALL.

XVII.

LAST YEARS.

In June, 1864, Mr. Kendall's second wife died. His feelings at her loss will best be shown by the following extract from a letter to one of his daughters in the Autumn of 1864:

"Though my health is much as it has been for many years, I do not enjoy life as I did before your mother's death. Your sister, Jeannie, is as kind to me as a daughter can be, but no other relation can supply the place of a loving, ever-kind, and faithful wife. I wish all my daughters may make their husbands as good wives as your mother made me. We were very poor, and she was very happy. We became tolerably rich, and she was scarcely happier. We were in humble position, and yet there was sunshine at home; we were in high position, and our joys were scarcely brighter. Rich or poor, high or low, she encountered the vicissitudes of life with an equanimity seldom equalled, and, perhaps, never surpassed. The secret of all was in her own native good sense, aided, perhaps, by implicit confidence in her husband."

For several years immediately preceding his wife's death, Mr. Kendall's mind was much given to the subject of religion. It was always an agreeable topic of conversation as well as of correspondence; the Bible was his favorite study; and he often expressed great satisfaction at the thought that his wife, daughters, and sons-in-law were professing Christians. He was not, however, a church member, and he did not become one for nearly a year after the death of his wife. His reasons for eventually uniting with the Calvary Baptist Church, in Washington, which he did on Sunday, April 2, 1865, are very characteristic of the man and of his old age. He says in a letter written in March, 1865:

"The impulse which has decided me, was, in part, a belief that I could do more good in the church than out of it, and, in part, that my position was, in effect, a standing argument with the world against Christianity. I felt that I was looked upon and spoken of as a good man, but not a Christian."

As an active member of the church, laboring to build up both its temporal and spiritual interests, Mr. Kendall was very zealous. It was mainly through his help that the society, with which he had connected himself, was enabled to erect a church building; and

when this edifice was destroyed by fire in 1867, he again stepped forward, and contributed more than any one else towards rebuilding it. He was constant in his attendance upon the meetings, public and devotional; earnest in his exhortations to the members; faithful in his duties as a teacher in the Sunday-school; visiting and ministering unto the sick; and liberal in his contributions: he had fully consecrated himself, his means, and his energies to the cause of his Divine Master.

The Sunday-school possessed for him peculiar attractions. He loved to be among the children, to be at their celebrations, and festivals, and picnics, and mingle in their sports. Notwithstanding his familiarity with the Scriptures, his almost invariable rule was, to devote from six to twelve hours' close study in preparing to go before his class. He cared little for Commentaries, but he compared scripture with scripture, examined critically the original Greek, studied the customs and habits of the ancients, and thus, by diligent and patient investigation, prayer and meditation, he prepared himself for his Sunday-school labors.

VISIT TO EUROPE.

The project of visiting foreign countries, especially the land of Palestine, had for some time occupied Mr. Kendall's mind. With the double motive of acquainting himself, by actual observation, with the lands of the Bible, that he might impart instruction to his Sunday-school class, and of improving his health, he went to Europe in June, 1866, accompanied by his daughter, her husband and son. His purpose of visiting Palestine was fully carried out, besides visiting the places of interest in Europe usually included in a tour. He returned home, after an absence of a little more than fifteen months, with invigorated health, and laden with rich treasures of knowledge. During all the journeyings, which sometimes involved hardship and fatigue, he proved equal to every emergency, and often referred to himself as the youngest of the party.

With unabated zeal, Mr. Kendall, after his return from Europe, renewed his labors among the members of the church he so much loved, striving by words and example to elevate the standard of Christian character, and exhorting the members to still greater fidelity in their duties.

In the Autumn of 1868, he removed from Kendall Green to the city. In a letter written in November of that year, he said:

"We have left the country. I yielded to this change with reluctance, and chiefly because it will enable us better to serve the cause of religion in our church and Sabbath-school." Referring to his health in the same letter, he continues: "My poor walking machine is wearing out by constant use, and must soon tumble to pieces. Sometimes I feel as if I should like to be disembodied, that I might get rid of the grossness which is inherent in flesh and blood, and love with a pure love, and worship with a pure devotion."

Mr. Kendall was seldom idle. Reading or writing occupied his time indoors. The Bible was consulted and studied in these latter days of his life more than all other books together, and although he wrote with difficulty, his pen was always within reach, and his habit was to write out his ideas upon any subject that interested him, religious or political, for future reference and consideration.

DEATH.

While on a visit to his nephew, in New York State, in August, 1869, Mr. Kendall, then eighty years old, took a severe cold which

caused his immediate return to Washington, and so prostrated him that he was obliged to take to his bed immediately after his arrival. For nearly four months, he patiently, but hopefully, looked forward to the termination of his sufferings. The smallest quantity of food, and that of the most digestible character, caused him great distress.

He remarked at this time, that, but for the terrible sin of suicide, he would abstain entirely from food, and thus hasten the end. He looked upon death as very near, but never expressed a regret. His only anxiety was in reference to his church, and he spoke constantly about it. Events in his early and middle life were fresh in his mind. He alluded frequently to his relations with General Jackson, and regretted he had never completed the Life of that great man which he had contemplated, and had actually begun. During no period of his sickness, was his mind so active and his conversational powers so remarkable, as during the last few days of his life. For hours continuously, to several members of his family, children and grandchildren, to officers of the institutions he had been connected with, and of the church he had served, he poured forth a stream of calm, collected, earnest instruction, that seemed marvellous as the emanation of a mind just breaking loose from its prison. For a few days before his death, he talked almost incessantly. He gathered his household about his bed, and in the most earnest manner, exhorted them to be faithful in all their Christian and moral obligations.

For two or three days before it actually took place, his death was momentarily expected, but there was no dimness of his mental vision. Friday morning, November 12, he asked that the inside shutters of his room might be opened that he might see the rising sun, at the same time turning his face towards the window which faces the East, and placing his hand under his head. The sky was painted in gorgeous colors. He gazed intently for a few moments at the glorious picture, and then faintly whispering, "How beautiful! how beautiful!" closed his eyes, and calmly, gently breathed his last. His protracted, useful and eventful life was ended. Who can doubt that he received the welcome greeting, "Well done!"

CLEAR GRIT.

ABOUT thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over 12 years of age, came in, and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little bright eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not! The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him, and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go, too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know I could not get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then he added, after a while, "I'm going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice, new pencil and some clean, white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the bookseller.

"Thank you, sir, you are very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverley, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied glancing at the books. I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said. Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he: "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year, I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first-class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat, could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up: he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me, I asked him there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other

passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, rebukingly:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it, then I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you, at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed, he grasped my hand, and said:

"Judge P., do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverley."

"I am he," said he. "God bless you!"

"And God bless noble Captain Haverley!"

ONE DEAF WOMAN'S STORY.

MYRA lay looking out of the window. It was a very miserable, little window, and looked out of a very miserable, little room; but it was a more miserable creature that lay on the wretched bed looking out into the gray November afternoon. Myra was thinking. She had been thinking all that day, and days, and days before—in that vague, groping way of the deaf of less than average education, that leaves half smothered the finest thoughts of which they are capable; yet which makes the feelings under them none the less real. She was thinking of her old institution-life; looking at it way back yonder in the rosy chambers of memory with a great yearning, not only for the old faces and old pleasures, but to go back to it that it might teach her more; that she might, mayhap, grasp from it a more tangible view of life with its great woes, possibilities, and responsibilities; that instead of the old, careless, desultory way of studying, she might strain every eager nerve to fathom those deep things which she passed by so lightly then, but which had crossed and recrossed her path ever since, bewildering, perplexing, and defeating her; that she might, if possible, unravel the knotty skein whose beginning had been her birth, and so relieve God from the charge of cruelty by learning why He had created her. Now she remembered how they had tried to teach and enlighten her about those things, and had told her that it would be the height of folly to marry John; that a deaf-mute with no trade and his careless, roving disposition could bring naught but misery to the woman he married. But then the world looked so dark, and cold, and dreary among hearing people. She would be so much alone among them, could feel so little of the warm impulses of sympathy flowing to and from her soul. And—the old, old story—she loved him, and he loved her; then—here Myra covered her face and sobbed, sobbed and wept such bitter, bitter tears as flow only from the eyes of a loving woman who has seen her husband change to a brute, and his tender care to neglect and abuse. Things had never gone right with them. John might have done well enough, if he had had a trade to keep him steady; but he never could be induced to learn one; so they had drifted around the world from one place to another, he working now at this little thing and then

at that. Then came discouragement, bad company, and love of drink, until here they were in one bare, little room, over a country store in a country village. If her baby had not died—ah! that old mother-cry—perhaps John would have still loved her through her child—his boy. That was before drink came. This puny, sickly, few-days-old daughter on her arm, with death written on her face, had no power now to attract him; not even to keep him from leaving them helpless and alone. And it would die and go from her too. She could not die. Those who long to die, always live and suffer. Then what was it to die? Perhaps, if she had remained with those at home in the far away state, she would have learned so much more of God and Heaven, would have understood how to go to Him in time of trouble, would not have found life such a desolate thing. What was this phantom called "Life," so rich, and rare, and racy to some; so little to her? The old question born of crushed spirits and despair, and recoiling back on Myra's obtuse perceptions and cramped soul in a mockery as vague, as hard to grasp, as the thought which she could only feel, not put in words. She could not follow it, could only turn back to stern realities—the cold room, the cheerless future, the wailing babe on her arm, with none but God to hear its cries. None, until Myra's good angel came from that God, and with a face written over with suffering of its own, bent over Myra and her child with such tender, passionate, Christ-like pity, as made Myra cry out with an awful yearning to kiss her, to lay on her breast, to pour forth in the stranger's language, the story of her woes; a cry that gathered up all the tears, and wrongs, and darkness, and longings of years, and demanded what had never been hers—sympathy from one who could understand. And so Myra watched her visitor as she tidied and warmed the room, and washed the baby, with the hungry look of the starved in her eyes, the smouldering fire of feeling that she could not utter, could not make her understand. Her visitor went away after a while, and sent a little girl with chicken broth and other delicacies. A little girl who came often in the following bitter days after baby died, before Myra got around again; and who did not then dream that her life would, one day, be identified with the deaf and dumb; who did not dream, while she studied the mystery of poor Myra's life, that she would, one day, be writing of poor Myra's thoughts.

And this is all I can tell you of her, for our paths soon after separated, and I never learned the fate of poor Myra; but I have often thought of her, and how much happier might have been her life, if her husband had been a sober, industrious deaf-mute with a good trade. Having no trade, is a far more serious matter with a deaf than a hearing man; and marriage is a serious affair for any one; but how much more so is it for deaf-mutes whose paths are hedged by so many difficulties. How very careful, then, ought they to be of the circumstances under which they enter it, and how all important that the fleeting years of school-life be diligently employed for fitting them for life and its duties.

LAURA.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET was recently bequeathed \$1,000 in the will of Gustav C. Braun, a German New Yorker, who died in Vienna last September. Mr. Braun's wife was a deaf-mute, and one of the first educated at Hartford. The will also gives \$1,000 each, to David Bartlett, of Hartford, and Daniel Bartlett, of East Windsor, Connecticut; and \$500 to a deaf-mute, named Elizabeth Sherlock, of Rochester, New York, formerly governess in the family of Dr. Bache, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Mr. Braun left over \$40,000, which he made mostly in the tobacco business during the war. The will is contested by his niece, who alleges that the above bequests are not genuine.

THE SILENT WORLD.

Published Semi-Monthly by
J. B. HOTCHKISS AND J. E. ELLEGOOD.

Terms: Single subscriptions, \$1.50 per year, in advance (with chromo see advertising pages.) Single Copies, 8 c.
Subscribers who live in Washington and in Canada must send 24 cts. additional (\$1.74 in all) to prepay postage.
All money should be sent by P. O. money-order, draft, or registered letter. If it is forwarded, otherwise it will be at the risk of the sender.
Address all letters to THE SILENT WORLD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WASHINGTON, MAY 1, 1874.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Kentucky Deaf-mute is the name of a little paper published at the Kentucky Institution for the deaf and dumb, and edited by Mr. Jas. G. George. The fact that Mr. George has charge of it is sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the paper, and we welcome it heartily and wish it success.

St. Nicholas, Scribner & Co's magazine for young folks, has constantly improved from the first number. The number for May is well filled with instructive and entertaining reading, and its illustrations are superb. This is a magazine which we can fearlessly and unreservedly recommend to our readers of all ages, confident that they will be pleased, and benefited by its perusal; and especially for children is it a valuable and entertaining auxiliary in their education.

A Companion and Guide for Deaf-mutes. By Thomas Widd, Principal of the Protestant Institution for Deaf-mutes, Montreal, Canada. Published at the Institution. Price 50 cents.

The author of this little book has a commendable aim; it is, "to place in the hands of deaf-mutes a thoroughly reliable and useful hand-book and guide to show them how to conduct themselves through life." And although, the book bears evidence of having been rather hastily prepared, it contains many important hints, much sensible advice, and some valuable information. We think the chapter on punctuation should contain something that will more fully teach the deaf-mute the use of the various points, such as examples to which he can refer when in doubt. Room for this might be obtained by leaving out the poetry, which, if it were of the highest order, would fail to be appreciated by deaf-mutes. Then, too, in the next edition, we hope to see a little more care exercised in the rendering of Latin words and phrases. Such phrases as "*para avis*" and "*sin generis*," not to speak of others, will be apt to mislead the confiding reader. In other respects, the book will prove a good present from teachers to pupils. All profits arising from its sale will go toward the support of the Institution of which Mr. Widd is principal.

The Deaf-mute's Question Book, Revised Edition, Part I, By J. Scott Hutton, M. A., Principal of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Like his Scripture Catechism, noticed in *THE SILENT WORLD* for the 15th of April, 1872, this book shows that the author has an accurate knowledge of the wants of the deaf-mute in the class-room. Under the guidance of the teacher, it is admirably adapted, both in its matter and arrangement, to acquaint the deaf-mute with the idiomatic expressions of the English language, and, more especially, with those elliptical forms which are constantly occurring in conversation. The device of printing in heavy-faced type those words or phrases used idiomatically, or on which the meaning of the sentence hinges, is valuable, and will serve to fix the attention of the pupil. We think it ought to be used even more freely in this book, and adopted in other text-books for hearing children, as well as for the deaf and dumb. We notice one expression in the book

before us, the correctness of which we doubt, and we are curious to know Mr. Hutton's authority for it. It is on the third page, and in the question, "Do you want out?" "Want out" must be a provincialism with which we are unacquainted.

The Annals for April.—Mr. Greenberger, Principal of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes, New York, in this number, endeavors to demonstrate that Mr. Bell's system of Visible Speech Symbols are of no value in teaching articulation to deaf-mutes. He asserts that the agencies by which Mr. Bell accomplishes his results are the pupil's senses of vision and feeling and their imitative faculties, and, above all, their teacher's mechanical skill in forcing the tongue into the requisite positions for the respective sounds of the alphabet by means of his ivory stick; that "the only point in which the representative of of the Visible-Speech system and the Dutch doctor differ is, that the former recommends the application of his manipulator of modern construction, whereas the latter preferred to put as many of his fingers into the mouth of 'a Danish gentleman' as he could get into that worthy's oral cavity without suffocating its distinguished owner, and that if he should drop them, he would sooner accomplish greater results than any he now attains, and render permanent aid to articulation teaching by devoting his knowledge of alphabets to the improvement of the German system.

The letter of Mr. B. St. John Ackers, of England, giving the results of his examination of all the leading schools for the education of the deaf and dumb, in America and Europe, which appeared in the last report of the Clarke Institution, has been re-written and greatly improved for *The Annals*. From it, we receive a much more favorable impression of Mr. Ackers, and get a clear insight into his opinions and the conclusions which he has reached. As far as our limited experience with deaf-mutes educated by the French or Sign-System goes, it emphatically corroborates his assertion that it makes its pupils' "foreigners in their own land—strangers in their own home." We shall reprint portions of Mr. Ackers' letter in our next number, and shall find occasion for further comment from time to time.

The other leading articles of this number, are some statistics on the deaf and dumb in Great Britain, a concise report of the convention of teachers of articulation, held at Worcester on the 24th of last January, and a very readable article, by E. M. Gallaudet, on the Origin of Deaf-mute Instruction in Denmark."

PERSONAL.

A. W. HAMILTON, lately connected with the Deaf-mute College is now employed by the temperance crusaders to write out pledges for repentant rum-dealers to sign.

REV. J. W. MARTIN, D. D., formerly connected with the schools for deaf-mutes in Dublin and Belfast, Ireland, was in Washington on the Presentation Day of the Deaf-mute College. He is now residing at Glasgow, Ohio.

MR. W. S. SMITH, Principal of the Oregon Institution, writes us that the scarcity of maidens in that territory twenty years ago caused many young men to marry their cousins, and that the evil fruits of these unions are seen in the large number of deaf-mute children. He mentions by name eight pair of cousins, personally known to himself, who have sixteen deaf-mute children, as follows: Two couples have three deaf-mute children, one of the children being also insane; three have two each, and four one each; one of the last-named has also a blind child and another has one who is a cripple.—*Annals*.

PELEG H. SLOCUM, baker, at the American Asylum, has a common speckled, which, he thinks, has distinguished herself by laying an egg three inches long and $3\frac{1}{4}$ ounces in weight, while the longer and shorter circumferences are $5\frac{1}{4}$ and $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches. She ought to be encouraged.

MR. H. C. RIDER, the editor of *The Deaf-mutes' Journal*, has recently, we understand, lost his youngest child. We can feel all the more sympathy for Mr. Rider and his estimable wife and friends, because we have had the rare pleasure of an insight into his home, and have admired his interesting children, and esteemed him blessed in great measure by the possession of such a crown of jewels.

MISS ELLEN L. BARTON, formerly a teacher in the Boston School, and lately in charge of the little deaf daughter of Mr. Gilman Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y., sails for England, on the 17th of June, in the steamship Cuba, to take charge of the education of the child of Mr. Ackers, the gentleman who, in the last report of the Clarke Institution and the April number of *The Annals*, comes out so strongly in favor of teaching the deaf by the articulation system.

ABOUT 9 $\frac{1}{2}$, on the evening of April 14, a fire was discovered in the basement of a two-story house owned by Mr. John Stewart. The Fire Department were promptly on the spot, but the fire had gained such headway that it was not extinguished until the building was nearly burned to the ground. The house was occupied by Mr. John Stewart in the lower story, and Mr. William M. Chamberlain, editor of *The Marblehead Messenger*, in the upper story. The inmates had barely time to escape from the house, their goods being a total loss. The barn adjoining the house caught fire two or three times, but was extinguished without much damage. The cause of the fire was the ignition of a barrel of kerosene in the cellar of the house, from the light of a lamp. The pecuniary loss by the fire was about \$3000, but an event occurred which throws almost out of consideration all loss of money. This was the suffocation of Miss Amy Stewart, a daughter of one of the gentlemen who occupied the building. It was supposed that she was safe at the house of a neighbor, and the first intimation to the contrary was received when the lifeless body was found, yesterday morning, by the firemen, in her own room. The body was very much disfigured, and it was evident that death has been caused by suffocation.—*Boston Globe*.

[CORRESPONDENCE.]

FROM NEW YORK.

A FAIR and tableau exhibition was given in the basement of St. Ann's Church from April 7th to April 14th, for the benefit of the sick and poor of the Church. The tableaux were well gotten up, and excited much merriment among all who witnessed them. There were many pretty things, some for ornament, others for use, on sale, and there was also a refreshment counter. The rapidity with which one thing after another disappeared was owing, in a great measure, to the fair faces and bright eyes that were behind the different counters. The deaf-mutes were represented by Mrs. Gallaudet and Miss S. C. Howard. I learn, from a source that may be relied on, that a clear profit of \$550 was made.

On Thursday evening, April 16th, the home of Mr. Clement R. Thomson, in 21st St., narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire. A lace curtain, on one of the front parlor windows, caught fire from a gas jet, and was soon in a blaze. Mr. Thomson's brother, a young medical student, was in the parlor at the time. He saw the danger at a glance, and with remarkable coolness and presence of mind, sprang on a chair near the window, took a leap into the air, caught the fastenings of the curtain at the top, pulled it down, and extin-

guished the fire. The total damage done was a burned curtain, woodwork of the window scorched, and a damaged carpet; the whole estimated at \$100 and fully insured.

On the same evening, a number of members, and non-members of the Manhattan Literary Association assembled in the basement of St. Ann's Church. The time was passed in telling stories till there were no more to tell, when some one proposed that they should determine, then and there, "*Which is the heaviest, a pound of feathers or a pound of lead?*"

The first to take the stand was a little fellow, (who, methinks, left school too early) in favor of the superior heaviness of a pound of lead. He thought lead was the heaviest, but when it came to giving his reasons, he was nonplussed. Try as he would, he could give no tangible reason for thinking so, and so sat down. The next to use the stand was an old graduate of the New York Institution, who generally "looks before he leaps." He took the stand, ostensibly, to favor feathers, and nearly all present were in expectancy of something good. He placed an imaginary pair of scales on the desk before him, then proceeded to put a pound of feathers on one pan and a pound of lead on the other, and then very quietly remarked, "*They are both the same.*" The illustration was so simple and so clear that every one was convinced, and quite a member, in imagination, brought their clenched fists quite forcibly against their foreheads.

New York, April 21, 1874.

EUREKA.

COLLEGE RECORD.

PRESENTATION DAY.

EVERYTHING was propitious, except Old Probabilities. The contractor had finished up the Dumenade in fine style, and it was thoroughly rolled only the day before, but Old Prob. threatened rain, and he sent it. But he could not dampen the enthusiasm of many of our friends, however much he might dampen the walk, and, consequently, the Hall was decidedly well-filled. A great part of the audience was composed of ladies, although there was a plentiful sprinkling of members of Congress and other distinguished gentlemen. On the stage, sat Senators Morrill and Hamlin, of Maine, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, Congressman Niblack, of Indiana, Mr. Delano, Secretary of the Department of the Interior, General Eaton, Commissioner of Education, Dr. Thomas Gallaudet, of New York, Drs. Sunderland and Butler, Chaplains of the Senate and House of Representatives, Mr. Cowan, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, and others.

The Invocation was given by Dr. Sunderland; then the following gentlemen delivered their dissertations: John Wilkinson, of Lowell, Mass, on "Money"; Frank C. Davis, of Cambridge, Mass., on "Genius"; and Edward L. Chapin, of Washington, D. C., on "The Pursuit of Knowledge for its Own Sake." Mr. Davis has pursued a selected course, and is a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Science. These pieces and the two following were read from manuscripts by Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and Professor Chickering while they were being delivered in signs. During the course of the exercises, it was stated that the Faculty deemed Messrs. John Burton Hotchkiss, James Henry Logan, and Joseph Griffin Parkinson, of the Class of '69, as deserving to be honored with the degree of Master of Arts; and as candidates, Mr. Hotchkiss delivered an oration "On the Importance of Deaf-mutes of Instruction in Systematic Reading," and Mr. Parkinson followed with an oration on "Cheap Currency."

President Gallaudet then delivered the following address, Prof. Fay interpreting in signs:

OUR FIRST DECADE.

On the 8th of April, 1864, Abraham Lincoln, then President of the United States, signed the following act of Congress:

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled: That the Board of Directors of the Columbia Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb and the Blind be, and they are, hereby, authorized and empowered to grant and confer such degrees in the liberal arts and sciences to such pupils of the Institution or others, whom, by their proficiency in learning, or other meritorious distinction, they shall think entitled to them, as are usually granted and conferred in colleges; and to grant to such graduates diplomas or certificates, sealed and signed in such manner as said Board of Directors may determine, to authenticate and perpetuate the memory of such graduation.

When this act was before the Senate for consideration, its passage was objected to on the ground that the measure proposed was without precedent. A distinguished Senator opposed the bill, because "it would empower this Institution for the education of deaf-mutes to confer degrees in the arts and sciences the same as in Harvard University or Yale College."

Another prominent Senator said: "I think it will rather make the Institution ridiculous to give it the power to confer literary or scientific degrees, whereas I think it would be very proper to give it the power to confer some degree that may be framed or invented for the deaf and dumb."

But there were Senators who well understood the purpose of this Institution to establish a department of so high a grade that its graduates might properly receive degrees in the arts and sciences.

These gentlemen explained to the satisfaction of the Senate, what was intended to be done under the operation of the pending bill, and it was passed without a dissenting vote.

The House concurred in the action of the Senate without objection, and, with the signature of the President, the first chapter in the history of this College was completed.

Two months later, public exercises were held, in which the purpose and objects of the Deaf-mute College were fully set forth, and within four days thereafter, Congress made an appropriation of \$26,000, for the enlargement of the grounds of the Institution.

In September of the same year, the College began its educational operations, with seven students. Private benevolence supplemented the liberal action of Congress, and there was no lack of means for the prosecution of the novel undertaking. Doubts were, however, expressed as to the practicability of affording collegiate education to the deaf and dumb, and many, who did not question the feasibility of the enterprise, were quick to ask: "*Oui bono?*"

As the work of the College advanced, and its numbers increased, the appeals made to Congress in its behalf called forth serious and sometimes violent opposition, this amounting, in 1868, to a prolonged effort on the part of the then leader of the House of Representatives to destroy the entire Institution. But the sympathy and judgment of Congress was not with the enemies of the College. In every struggle, the enlightened and liberal counsels of our friends prevailed, and each session of Congress that has passed since the foundation of the College, has set its seal of unqualified approval on our work.

We have invited you to join to-day in celebrating our tenth anniversary, and it is appropriate that a brief recital should be made of the results which have crowned the labors of our first decade.

The material prosperity of the Institution speaks for itself to the eyes of all beholders. Our little lot of two acres has expanded to a noble domain of one hundred. The frail, rustic cottage, through whose slender walls the winter winds whistled and the summer sun scorched, has given way to enduring and beautiful structures.

And the liberality of the Government has not stopped here. Adequate provision has been made for the employment of competent professors and instructors, thus enabling the College to extend its benefits to many whose limited means would not have sufficed to meet all the expenses of an advanced course of study.

The seven youths who sought admission ten years ago, have been followed by one hundred and ten others; these representing twenty-five States and the Federal District. New England has sent twenty-six, the Middle States twenty-four, the South twenty-six, and the West forty-one; so that it is almost in exact proportion to the population of the several sections of the country that the benefits of this single College for deaf-mutes have been distributed.

And it is asked: "What are these benefits?" It may be replied: They are such advantages for mental and moral culture as are offered to hearing and speaking youth in their higher seminaries and colleges.

Our curriculum of study comprises the higher mathematics; the Latin, French, and German languages; the elements of natural science, including Chemistry, Botany, Astronomy, Geology, Mineralogy, Physiology, and Zoology; a full course of English philology and related studies; with ancient and modern history; not omitting proper attention to mental, moral, and political science.

It is too early for us to estimate the full advantages that may be credited to the labors and outlays of our first decade. But even the partial results that are before us, may be taken as affording a rich and encouraging return. Twenty who have gone out from the College, have been engaged in teaching. Two have become editors and publishers of newspapers, three others have taken positions connected with journalism. Three have entered the civil service of the Government, one of them having risen rapidly to a high and responsible position. One, while filling a position as instructor in a Western institution, has rendered important service to the Coast Survey as a microscopist. Two have taken places in the faculty of their *alma mater*, and are rendering valuable returns as instructors where they were students but a short time since. Some have gone into mercantile and other offices; some have undertaken business on their own account; while not a few have chosen agricultural and mechanical pursuits, in which the advantages of thorough mental training will give them a superiority over those less educated.

Six have been called to pass from the life that now is, to that which is to come, and all these left behind them bright evidence that they rightly estimated the true issue of life.

One of these sainted *alumni* who was in our midst two short months ago, and who would have borne away the highest honors of this day had his life been spared, wrote to his sister, a fortnight before his death, as follows:

"It will take away half the bitterness of death to have been allowed to learn something: to have obtained one glimpse across the hills and valleys away off into that promised land of perfect knowledge, perfect love, perfect purity, where men no longer 'see through a glass darkly.' For such I take to be the result of study: the more one learns, the closer is he drawn to all things holy."

Our first decade is passed. We can write its history, detailing the events of each fleeting month and year; but the full measure of its results can only be rightly estimated by Him whose intelligence can comprehend eternity and infinity. The probable influence in the world for good of the six score youth who have been taught here, is far beyond the power of mortal computation. For there is an immortality of influence as well as that of individuality; and the impressions we make on others do not die as do the wavelets of sound in the air, or those of water on lake or river. But the most important fact of all in the history of our first decade is, that it is only the first, and not the last. While we have cause to rejoice to-day over the fruit of labor past, our greatest reason for congratulation arises from the hopes we are permitted to entertain for the future.

The College for the Deaf and Dumb is no longer an experiment. Its continued existence is no longer problematical. Laws of the United States are its endowment. Lands and buildings held in the name of the Government form its permanent abiding-place. The

representatives of our States and people in five Congresses have pledged the nation to its support. Humanly speaking, we may regard its perpetuity as insured. For this, and all it suggests of good to be wrought during the decades and centuries yet before us, let us give thanks to-day to Him who, while on earth, wrought miracles that the deaf might hear and the dumb speak; who is now working greater wonders even than those, and who shall in the fullness of time rule all hearts and join all hands in charity and peace.

Hon. Lot. M. Morrill, Senator from Maine, then addressed the graduating class in a very impressive manner, his remarks being translated into signs by the President.

The ladies were, as usual, generous in their bestowal of flowers, and after the exercises were over, the speakers were all kindly greeted and congratulated by many present. The kind heart of Senator Morrill overflowed with satisfaction, and he mingled with the boys and warmly congratulated them. Secretary Delano was asked to speak, but did not feel equal to the occasion, but he felt so interested that he, afterwards, said he regretted he had not spoken a few words to the young men.

The reception of President and Mrs. Gallaudet at their house after the exercises were over, was a very brilliant affair, whether we have regard for the company present, or the refreshment table and the floral decorations which were profusely scattered around.

THE *Lit.* gives a reception in Chapel Hall on the 8th instant.

MR. TEEGARDEN, '76, teaches Mr. Denison's class during his absence in Chicago.

MRS. WALLACE GALLAUDET and her two daughters have been spending a week with the President. They came to honor Presentation Day.

MR. DENISON has adopted Horace Greeley's advice and "gone west." He goes to Chicago to see his brother, and expects to be back in a few days.

WILL the fact that Presentation Day now comes in April have any effect on the number and size of the bouquets bestowed upon the speakers?

THE Seniors think Ye Masters did not receive any flowers to reward their laborious efforts, because the young ladies thought them married and done for.

THE College and its Presentation Day exercises have been minutely described in *The Syracuse Journal*, in a rather ludicrous letter from its Washington correspondent.

MR. ARCHIBALD, of '75, has gone home, on the recommendation of Dr. Lincoln, to recruit his health. He has the best wishes of all for a speedy recovery and a sure return in the Fall.

AMONG the post-graduate studies of the professors and teachers, horsemanship holds a prominent place, and a troop of four or six of them may frequently be seen, scouring the country around Washington in search of adventure.

THE girls at the President's and Professor Chickering's have established a line of telegraph between the garret windows of their respective houses, and anything but invisible messages may be seen crawling to and fro after school is out.

OUR Obscura got a squint through his new lenses at the gathering in Chapel Hall on Presentation Day, and has produced a picture in which Mr. Davis, who happened to be delivering his piece at the time, looks as if he was on fire and disappearing in a blaze of glory.

AMONG those present at the exercises of Presentation Day were Mr. Patterson, of the Class of '70, and Mr. McGregor, of '72. It is the first time Mr. P. has visited Washington since his graduation, and the sensation he created was therefore considerable. Life is dealing amiably with him.

"VERY muddy," remarked Smith, on Presentation Day, scraping his feet on the base of our Scotch-granite monoliths, "I don't believe I should have got out here, if I hadn't had the fence to help me along." (*Mem.* The new pavement along the Dumenade is about four yards from the fence, and Smith had missed it.)

FREUND was the man who laid the table at the reception of the President and his wife. It was simply perfect, only, you know, we wanted a few more of those strawberries. We understand that the two songsters, who, on his requisition, came from foreign parts to preside over the feast, have returned to their native climes.

A "KITCHEN furniture" sociable was given by the matrons on the 23d, and there the aristocratic napkin-ring met the smutty poker on equal terms, and the dainty tea-spoon hob-and-nobbed with the frowsty scrubbing brush, and all ate ice-cream and drank coffee together.

THE following gentlemen, formed the Reception Committee for Presentation Day, and under their management, every thing went off well; in fact, such was their urbanity that we hear it asserted that every one was persuaded that he or she (generally she) had the best seat: Albert C. Powell, Marshal, Orson H. Archibald, James C. Ballis, Elias Myers, James M. Park, William C. Pick.

At the regular meeting of the Literary Society held in Chapel Hall on Friday evening, April 10th, the following officers were elected for the present term: *President*, E. L. Chapin, '74; *Vice-President*, O. H. Archibald, '75; *Secretary*, D. A. Simpson, '78; *Treasurer*, G. M. Tegarden, '76; *Librarian*, W. F. Pope, '78; *Critic*, W. G. Jones, '76. Mr. E. L. Chapin, of the Senior Class, was elected to deliver a valedictory address before the Society, at the last meeting in June, and Mr. A. C. Powell, of the Junior Class, to deliver the reply.

THE Ivy Leaf Missionary Society, to which the daughters of the President and Professor Chickering belong, gave an exhibition of tableaux in the Congregational Church, cor. of 10th and G sts., on the 24th ult., and most of the pupils and many of the students and teachers attended. Mr. Jones, of '76, was engaged, and enlivened the really excellent exhibition by his pantomimic delineations. The next evening the girl of the Primary Department got up some impromptu tableaux of their own to while away a rainy day, and invited the teachers and professors to the treat. They were all very happily conceived and artistically executed, and gave much pleasure.

INSTITUTION NEWS.

INDIANA.

ABOUT the first of last February, a meeting was held to consider the question of raising a contribution to the Clerc Memorial Fund. Mr. MacIntire delivered a very interesting lecture upon the subject, illustrating the growth of the institutions of the country from the Hartford Institution, by the drawing of a tree, with Gallaudet and Clerc for its two great roots. It was decided not to join the Union, but to collect a fund, simply as the contribution of the deaf-mutes of Indiana. S. J. Vall, J. S. Houdyshele, and Laura Sheridan were appointed as a committee to effect this. About \$112.00 have been raised. From this, the expenses, \$10.25, were subtracted before forwarding to the Treasurer of the Union. The expenses were incurred by correspondence, printing and distributing of circulars, etc., etc. Before forwarding the money, the Committee submitted its report to the members of the Institution in the Chapel, all names of contributors, with the amount contributed, being read, that any mistake or oversight might be rectified. The Committee desires, through THE SILENT WORLD, to thank the deaf-mutes of Indiana, and especially the present pupils of the Institution, for their promptness and liberality in contributing to this worthy object.

A new pupil, by the name of James McVey, died on the fifth of last month with congestion of the brain. The best efforts of two skillful physicians could not save him, and now the poor deaf boy is penetrating the mysteries of knowledge with far greater rapidity and delight than he could ever have done here.

On the evening of the eighth ult., the annual entertainment by the pupils of the Institution was given in the Chapel, before a large audience, composed of the officers and employes of the Institution and their friends. The occasion was a very pleasant one, and the success attending the performance must have been gratifying to those in charge. The programme was as follows:

The Lord's Prayer—Lorena B. Street.

Recitation—The Rights of Men—Lena Reening.

Tableau—"The Little Artist."

Recitation—"Stealing Watermelons"—Charles Starr.

Tableau—"Fooling Grandma."

Recitation—XXIII Psalm—Emma Lowe.

Tableau—Beauties of Bachelor Life.

Recitation—Discovery of Gold in California—John Dare.

Pantomime—Fishing Excursion.

Tableau—"The Burglary."

Recitation—Man is a Monkey—William Lang.

Tableau—"Which"—"Choice."

Recitation—The Mysterious Walker—Jda Fawknor.

Candle Lecture—Miss S. J. Crabbs and Mr. S. J. Vall.

Pantomime—The Ghost.

The entertainment closed with a beautiful display of views by Mr. H. E. Church's calcium lights and stereopticon.

By far, the finest thing of the evening, was the tableau called "Which"—"Choice." It contained five characters. The first scene

represented two men at a gaming table, near which stood Pleasure, a beautiful girl in gorgeous apparel. A little way off, stood the cross grasped by an angel, who held out a crown to a white-robed young girl, vacillating between the allurements held out by Pleasure and the simple crown of the cross. The second scene represented the girl crowned, and her arms around the cross, while Pleasure lifted her hands and gazed with amused astonishment and sneering wonder.

At half-past-nine, the company dispersed much pleased with the evening's amusement.

April 10, 1874.

LAURA.

TENNESSEE.

THE principal and teachers of this Institution, in rotation, give us a semi-monthly entertainment in our Chapel. The entertainments include compositions, dialogues, singing in signs, recitations, either in poetry or history, plays &c. Last Friday evening, Mr. Houghton's entertainment was very interesting. All who witnessed it were very much delighted with it. The programme is too long to be allowed space in your paper.

Our genial steward, Mr. Jones, who, in the usual glow of health, was suddenly and unexpectedly stricken down, three weeks ago, with the typhoid fever, has been hovering between life and death for days. But through God's mercy, he has been spared to us, and is now in a fair way to recover. He is too valuable a steward for us to part with without much regret.

April 14, 1874.

T.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THERE are twelve hundred shades of the different colors of kid-gloves.

The sovereignty of the Fiji Islands has been formally tendered to Great Britain.

Advertisements printed in Chinese characters are beginning to appear in the California papers.

A man who advertises for an agent to sell a new medicine, says that "it will prove very lucrative to the undertaker."

The first public hospital was founded in Rome in the fourth century, by a lady named Fabiola, as an act of penance.

Gold mines are reported to have been discovered in the mountains of Arkansas, near the Choctaw line. Miners and adventurers are flocking thither.

The world uses 250,000,000 pounds of tea and 718,000,000 pounds of coffee every year. China furnishes nearly all the tea, and Brazil more than half the coffee.

A while ago, when the flood in the Mississippi was at its height, the width of the river from Cairo all the way to the Gulf, was not less than forty miles, and in some places it reached sixty miles.

Charles Sumner is said to have swum Niagara river just below the cataract a number of years ago—a very difficult feat, which is not accomplished more than once in ten years. Sumner swam like Columbus or Byron.

A material called white coal, consisting of felted vegetable fibres like peat, has recently been discovered in Australia. It burns easily, with a light flame. Large tracts are overlaid with this deposit; it requires no mining, and is already used in large quantities for fuel.

Wild coffee bushes are plentiful in Amador and other counties of California. The berries are known to the settlers as "cat berries," but are in every respect similar to the coffee of commerce. A Colombian consul, who is intimately acquainted with the cultivation of coffee in South America, is confident that the shrub is the genuine coffee plant, and capable of producing under cultivation a superior quality of coffee.

London is literally built on a foundation of pipes. In some places, it would be difficult to find room to lay another pipe. One gas company supplies two districts with nearly four hundred miles of pipes. Then there are the underground telegraph pipes, and 2,500 miles of drain pipes, the lead and iron pneumatic tubes, the sewers, the water pipes, and the underground railway.

An orange tree in vigorous growth yields from 500 to 2,000 oranges every year. In the Mediterranean countries, where orange culture has become, within a few years, an important business, the oranges are gathered in baskets lined with canvas. They are carefully examined by women, and all that are wanting in stems are thrown out. The pickers get from 9 to 15 cents a day.

Six large ocean steamships have been lost within the past twelve months, namely, the Atlantic, City of Washington, Ismalia, Ville du Havre, Europe, and Amerique.

The American Catholic pilgrims to Rome will leave New York about the 16th of May. On arriving at Brest or Havre, the pilgrims will go to the shrine at Lourdes, and after a stay of one or two days of devotion, will proceed to Rome and pay homage to his holiness, Pius IX. After a sojourn of seven days in the Eternal City, the pilgrimage will terminate. Each person, however, will be furnished by the Committee of management with a first-class return ticket for home, via Havre, Brest, or Liverpool. The cost of the journey, estimated \$350, gold, will entirely depend on the number of devotees, and any balance remaining after payment of expenses will be distributed pro rata. The Committee of management will take with them a contribution, called "Peter's pence," from the Catholics of America to the Pope, and it is said that votive money offerings will be sent from the chief cities of the Union.

A Key West paper says: "On Cozumel island, are yet to be seen the walls of the first church ever built on the continent of North America. Cortez, before his conquest of Mexico, say about three hundred years ago, built his first place of public worship on this beautiful island. The foundation and walls are yet partially preserved; each side has an elevation of ten feet in places. The altar is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of chaparral: and about and even inside these ruins, are ancient and modern tombs, where patriarchs rest. A paved walk extends from the portal several hundred yards westward, but is now almost buried from sight in the sod. Excavations are seen, where searchers after hidden treasures have delved. But the natives of the locality allow it to rest so quietly that the dense shrubbery almost buries it."

In "A General Sketch of the History of Persia" is the following: "Fat-h 'Aly Shah was himself a poet; and his Laureate was an old chief, named Fat-h 'Aly Khan, whose ancestors had been, for several generations, the Governors of Kashan. It is related that one day the Shah gave him some of his verses to read, and asked for his opinion of them. 'May my soul be your sacrifice,' said the Laureate, 'they are bosh.' The insulted sovereign exclaimed, 'He is an ass—take him to the stables.' And the order was literally obeyed. After a short time, his Majesty sent for him again, and read some more of his verses. The poet walked off without a word. 'Where are you going?' cried the Shah. 'Just back again to the stables,' cried the undaunted Laureate."

During one of the visits of Mendelssohn to London, Prince Albert, as a German and lover of music, sought his acquaintance, and introduced him to the Queen. The visit was entirely devoid of formality. Without any previous announcement, the Prince conducted Mendelssohn from his private apartments to the Queen's study, where they found her surrounded by papers, just terminating her morning's work. The Queen received him most graciously, apologizing for the disorder of her room, beginning herself to put it in order, and laughingly accepting his assistance. After a most agreeable conversation, Mendelssohn sat down to the piano and played whatever the Queen asked him. When he arose, Prince Albert asked the Queen to sing, and gracefully choosing one of Mendelssohn's own compositions, she complied with his request. Mendelssohn of course applauded, but the Queen laughingly told him she had been too frightened to sing well. "Ask Lablache, my singing master," added the Queen, "he will tell you I can sing better than I have done to-day."

DIED.

MISS SARAH GOMEZ, whom some of our subscribers will remember at the American Asylum in 1868-4, died in Newburyport, Mass., April 8.

C. S. STEPHENS died on Wednesday morning, April 22, from the effects of the accident which, it will be remembered, was noticed in the number of the 15 ult. He received his education in Glasgow, Scotland, but was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. At the time of the Chicago fire, he was employed in that city, and was burnt out. Coming to Washington, he obtained work in the Government Printing Office, in which he was employed, as a compositor, up to the date of the accident. He was quiet and unassuming in his habits, and was respected by all who came in contact with him. He leaves a wife and two children. The body was sent to Halifax at the expense of the Typographical Union, of which Mr. Stephens was a member.